Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhall have old ſwearing
That they did give the Rings away to men ;
But weel out-face them, and out-ſweare them to :
Away, make haſte, thou knoweſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica. *(Exeunt.*

Lor. The Moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde ſea bankes, and waſt her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon*.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come :
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night ?

Meſſen. A

Meſſen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you
Meſſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Miſtreſſe will before the breake of day
Be here at *Belmont*; ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.
Loren. Who comes with her ?
Meſſ. None but a holy Hermit and her maid :
I pray you is my Maſter yet returnd ?
Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from hi
But go we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtres of the houſe.
Clown. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calls ?
Clown. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, and M. *Loren*
Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.
Clown. Sola, where, where ?
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a Poſt come from my M
horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be her
ſweet ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter : why ſhould we go in ?
My friend *Stephen*, ſignifie I pray you
Within the houſe, your Miſtres is at hand,
And bring your muſique foorth into the ayre.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this banke,
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſique
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilneſſe, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmony :
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
But in his motion like an Angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,